

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 1. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, APRIL 9, 1825.

VOL. III.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

FIROUZ-ABDEL.

A TALE OF THE UPAS TREE.

IN one of the popular commotions unhappily so frequent in Ispahan, my father, Esref Khan, of the royal house, retired from the fruitful banks of the Zenderhead, never more to revisit them, in order to preserve his beloved wife and infant son from the effects of the hatred of his ungrateful country; having found it impossible to deliver her against her will, or to rend from her shoulders the yoke into which she had voluntarily thrust her neck. Java presented us a refuge, and an alliance with its native prince gave us claims on his hospitality: they were admitted; and there, cheered by the just Sultan, we made ourselves a happy home, for upwards of twenty years. The monarch, beneath whose unfolded wing we daily eat our meal in peace, ascended at length to drink of the Odoriferous River, on whose banks the just of Mahomet indulge in everlasting repose. The sceptre was bequeathed to his son, who had grown with my growth, and whom my soul loved with a love passing all the fondness of brotherhood. I wept not when my benefactor died, for the crown glittered on the brow of my friend, the friend of all mankind; and I fondly deemed that the deeds of the son would surpass in virtue those of the father.

In the midst of my security, and the happiness diffused over the country by its steady faith in the virtues of the king, one brow alone was clouded, one eye alone was dimmed by ceaseless tears, and that was the sovereign's own. A strange depression fell on his spirit; mirth wearied, business disgusted him; he loathed society, disdained repose, and became a heart-stricken and a lonely man; a stranger amid his kinsmen, and a wanderer in the bosom of his native land. I alone, of all who surrounded him, ventured to seek the cause of his hidden

grief; but though not harsh, he was peremptory, and continued to persist in his painful silence. I felt deeply for his malady, but I felt also, that I had to lament his dereliction of the noble virtues which I believed him to possess, when I beheld an aged counsellor of his father led out to die, for a trifling opposition to his will. Still I was beloved with a love that made me tremble, since it soon became apparent to me, that his favours were afforded less as marks of regard to me, than for the purpose of mortifying his haughty minister; many of the honours he conferred on me being utterly inconsistent with the laws of the empire, and the customs of the people. It was in this spirit, I believe, that he one day proposed to me an indulgence which no subject had ever before enjoyed: he wished, he said, to introduce me into his harem, to the society of his favourite wife and beloved niece, that he might unite all those who were most dear to his heart, in the bonds of affection around him.

The niece of my sovereign became the beloved of my heart, his favourite niece, her whose love he held too precious for princes. The blandishments of the chief Sultana had not the power to divert the melancholy of the sovereign, but all vanished before the smile of Zuleika; she scattered light on his path, and he dwelt delighted in its radiance, but when that light was withdrawn, all was dark and chaotic. The princess had frequently lamented to me the despair of Cingallah. No one could divine his secret. I related to him the anxiety of his niece, and implored him to trust his sorrow to her sympathy. His eyes brightened at the thought, but he rejected my advice. "No, I will trust thee, Firouz, for well do I know thy fidelity. Oh my friend, this populous empire contains no such wretch as Cingallah's self, no such miserable, such hopeless being. I love, Firouz, I love her without a hope, with the dreadful consciousness that she whom I adore will but abhor me for the affection I bear her. I have struggled fiercely against this passion, but in vain:—I can now strive no longer. While I had a prospect of freeing myself from its trammels, I revealed to no man the secret of

my grief. Now that I determine to resist it no longer, into thy bosom, Firouz, I pour my sorrows, and entreat thy sympathy.—Speak to her I love, tell her how her sovereign suffers, how her monarch worships;—speak to her, Firouz: the honey of thy voice will prevail for me, and I shall owe my happiness to thy intercession.”

What did I not say to dissuade the madman from his purpose? Alas, I was compelled to submit, and in agony of soul I sought the harem of the princess. At her feet I pour forth the bitterness of my sorrow, and, with the tale of Cingallah's love, unconsciously did mine own confession flow from my lips: and not till I felt the tears of the princess on my bosom and her soft lip on my brow, did I know that I had spoken, and was pardoned,—was I pitied and beloved. But, Cingallah—ah! deception towards him was become necessary, almost a virtue. I returned to sooth his anguish, but I could not tell him that Zuleika had listened to his suit; I could not bear that even he should deem it possible she would hear so black a tale, but I bade him trust to time; and he was the more content that she knew, and commiserated his sufferings.—From this period I watched him till his form grew a horror to me, till his very voice was a curse—an unutterable loathing came over my spirit at the thought of him; and when, in my presence, he looked into the eyes, or touched the hand of Zuleika, I felt that I could have torn him in pieces on the spot; yet, mortal as was my hate, I was his very shadow—the fire in his bosom burned as intensely in mine; my very face became like his in my agony: I was inseparable from him, I was his second self. At first, he courted the communion, but when he discovered that from this cause he could never behold Zuleika alone, it grew oppressive: he first frowned on my assiduity, then coldly bade me spare myself such severe duty; and, when he found all unavailing, and Zuleika still shuddering at his love, he banished me sternly from his presence. Then it was that I grew desperate, and, affrighted at the thought of separation, bore Zuleika from the palace to the territories of our Christian foes, and wedded her in secrecy and sorrow.

I know not what were his thoughts when he first heard of our flight, but his deeds were deeds of horror. My enemies told him they had long suspected my fidelity, and he immediately caused them to be put to death for not communicating their suspicions before. His next thoughts were peace,—peace with the Dutch at any price, so that his niece and her husband might be surrendered to his vengeance; but this was resisted, and I felt that I was safe even among enemies. I would have left the island, not

to endanger this safety; but this they would not permit, and I resigned myself to their wishes rather than appear to doubt the good faith which they had sworn to me. Still they assured me of their protection, until the offer of a fertile province satisfied them of their imprudence. In the dead of night, in full confidence of security in the arms of Zuleika, did the guards of the Sultan surround my couch, and drag me in mockery to the earth. One deep, one dear revenge I tasted, even in that moment of inconceivable bitterness: I clove with my cimeter the head of the treacherous and inhospitable villain who led the soldiers to my chamber, and thus delivered up two innocent beings to destruction.

Oh! night of horror, on which a day no less terrible was to dawn! Zuleika was torn from my arms, and I was dragged alone to the palace of Soura Charta; there, a mock trial, and the voice of the Sultan condemned me to death for taking away the niece of the sovereign, and seeking refuge in the territories of his foes. To my anxious and agonized inquiries after my wife, I heard only that she was a prisoner, and that my death would release her from bondage. For this I was grateful; I was content to die, so that my death could benefit Zuleika: but then came the cruel mercy of Cingallah, disturbing my resignation, and beckoning me back to life; I was offered the choice between instant death and the journey to the Upas Tree. At first I rejected the alternative, because I had been told my death would deliver Zuleika from further suffering, and I felt there was no charm in days which were to be passed apart from her; but this contempt of death was not agreeable to Cingallah: he caused it to be signified to me, that the princess had, like myself, incurred the last dreadful penalty, but that the pardon of both, and our restoration to favour and honours, should follow a successful journey to the Upas Tree. I then hesitated no longer—I accepted joyfully the alternative, and set forward immediately on my journey.

On my way to the mountain fort, resides, in his lonely hut, the priest of the fatal tree. “Another victim,” said he, as I entered, “another victim: it was but yesterday, so fair, so young, alas, how, much doth mortal crime increase!” “Mistake not, father,” I replied anxiously, “I am no criminal; I am a state victim, but have committed no fault deserving the punishment decreed to me.” “Still doth crime increase,” said the old man, “still doth it gather strength; for if thou be guiltless, what are they who sent thee?” He retired as he spoke, and dismissing my guards to their stations, told them it would probably be some days ere I could depart, since there was no immediate

prospect of a change of wind, without which it was not lawful for me to proceed on the journey.

The excitation of my feelings had hitherto prevented my asking any questions, or even thinking rationally on the subject of the enterprise I had undertaken; but a night's rest in the cottage of the priest calmed my spirits, and prepared me to listen to his communications. "To the region of horror for which you are about to depart," said the old man, "I shall conduct you nearly a league on your way, but it will not be until the breeze changes, so as to blow before you, and thus drive the effluvia of the Tree from your person. If such a wind should spring up, be prepared to set forward, travel as rapidly as you can, so as to return ere it again changes, which, if you can effect, you will be safe from its evil consequences. A hill to which I shall conduct you, you must pass—at its base on the other side, flows the rivulet whose black and desolate banks will conduct you straight to the Tree; the poisonous gum you will find dropping from it in abundance; gather it quickly and return; stay not for observation; there is nothing to contemplate in the wilderness; nothing that hath life will meet thy wearied eye, for within five leagues of the Upas Tree no breathing thing can continue to live."

In such conversations as these, in directions for my conduct, and fervent prayers for my safety, was passed the first day of my sojourn at the mountain hut. On the morning of the second, the guard came to announce the arrival of a fellow-sufferer, another traveller to the valley of the shadow of death. The supposed criminal was yet at a distance, when the priest descried the litter, which announced that he was attended by some friend of high rank; and I began to conjecture that another victim of royal injustice was approaching the mountain. A sick throbbing came over my heart, but I hastened to descend and offer my melancholy greeting to the unfortunate stranger. The litter had arrived at the door of the hut, but I looked in vain among the escort of the criminal for his chained and earth-bowed person. The curtains were opened, and the attendants bowed low as a majestic female stepped from it. I stood rooted to the earth, for I beheld Zuleika!

Frequently had her tears fallen over my brow; many times had her voice sounded in my ears, ere I could recall a recollection of what had befallen me, and I then turned an eager inquiring glance on my smiling, gentle wife. "It is even so," she replied, "the Sultan has deceived thee into the journey thou art about to encounter, for the fuller gratification of his revenge. His triumph would have been incomplete without my

death; and, as he dared not openly spill the blood of his niece, he has sent me to attend thee hither: still there is mercy in his tyranny, though he meant it not; by the arrow, or the axe, thou wouldst have died alone, unaided, unpitied, and uncertain of my destiny; now, my voice shall console thee, my lips shall encourage thee, and on thy bosom shall my last sigh be rendered! Husband of my soul, since the brittle glasses of our destiny must be broken, mercifully hath the Sultan dealt in shivering both at the same moment." I was still listening to her soothing accents, when the Malay approached, and, with tears flowing down to his white beard, announced that the wind had now changed, and the hour had arrived at which we were to set forward on our perilous journey. A small quantity of food of a superior kind, together with a little cruise of water, were supplied to me by the guards; and the good priest, under the pretence of some further instructions, drew me aside, and gave to my eager grasp a small skin of wine.

I could not bear to behold Zuleika, while they were covering her beautiful face with the cap and mask of leather, with which they conceal the persons of the criminals, from the head to the breast, and which has glasses placed directly before the eyes. I submitted to the horrible disguise, though revolting from the dress of a criminal, and went on with my other preparations: they were soon completed; the silver boxes for the poison were given to us, the last prayers said for us, and, attended by the priest and surrounded by the soldiery, we set forward on our journey. The voice of the good Malay, and the trampling of the soldiers' feet, alone broke the chill silence which attended our departure. Zuleika spoke not, but I could see through the dim glasses which obscured their lustre, that her eyes were fixed on me. I was silent, and replied nothing to the consoling words of the priest, for I was, in the madness of my despair, projecting an escape from the guards. Probably the priest divined what was passing in my thoughts; for he said to me in a whisper, "Dream not, oh hapless Firouz! of any hope of escape but that of returning from the tree; the country is inaccessible on all sides save one, and that is so well guarded by the Sultan's troops, that an arrow in thy breast would be the first signal of thy danger, shouldst thou attempt it.—Mountains rise on mountains to hide the accursed valley, and prevent its deadly mists from ascending to the skies, and blighting the verdure of the happy earth of man.—Linger not then on thy journey, O Firouz, but steadily follow the advice and directions I have given thee."

I sank again into the most bitter dejection

at these words of the good Malay; for I knew, had there been the most remote hope of escape, he would not thus have discouraged it. His hut was at the distance of six leagues from the tree, and his office was to conduct us one league onward, near to the spot where the region of danger and death began. The place at which we parted was the base of a bare and lofty mountain, over a part of which lay the only accessible entrance to the valley. This we were told to ascend, and we were informed we should find on the other side a stream, whose windings, after a journey of five leagues, would lead us to the Upas Tree. All the other directions were once more repeated, and amidst the blessings of the priest, and the good wishes of the soldiers, we sprang forward to ascend the hill.

Zuleika grasped my arm, and we bounded lightly on our way! "Husband adored," said my devoted wife, "we are now dead to the world of life, we are as emancipated souls journeying on our path to heaven! I would fain see thy face, and watch the changes of thy countenance, but that horrible disguise prevents me. How soft and still is this air, (she continued, as we descended the mountain,) surely in this there can be no danger, or if there be, so lulling a death cannot be terrible." "The wind blows before us now, Zuleika," I replied, "and hence arises our safety; should it change and meet us, soft and gentle as it is, it will come loaded with livid death. Alas! it is this gentle air that makes the danger: could tempests pierce through these inaccessible mountains, they would rend up this excrescence of the earth from her bosom, or at least dissipate the strength of its empoisoned breath; but look, Zuleika, look on the valley before us: there, dark and sullen, scarcely deigning to reflect the golden rays of the setting sun, flows the river whose course we are to follow: behold our road, too, a desert of black sand, rendered almost impassable by stones. Ah! how will thy tender feet be wounded!"

Alas, dreary to the eye, and sad to the heart, was the aspect of the wilderness through which we had now to journey; scattered near its entrance, we observed a few sickly young trees (for age is unknown in that valley,) striving faintly to erect their drooping heads, and wear the complexion of nature; the few shrubs that grew around them were dwarfish and blistered, as if the lightning had passed over them in its wrath, and left the impression of its red wing on them. The yellow arid grass, here and there peeped upwards from among the crushing flints, and bent its feeble head before a breeze which could scarcely discompose one lock of Zuleika's clustered hair! Alas, alas! this was indeed the death-bed of nature.

I cannot express to you while making these observations even in this early stage of our journey, with what shivering anxiety I watched the course of the breeze, for wind it could scarce be called: it still continued to blow towards the Tree—and I permitted myself to hope. We had travelled thus far without looking on each other, for the masks of death were odious to our senses, but my arm was around the beloved of my soul, and my steps assisted hers. "I cannot read in thine eyes," I said, at length, "how thou art affected, but I pray thee speak to me from time to time, that the sweet tones of thy voice may encourage me with the assurance of thy safety!" "Oh! my beloved," she responded, "mine own, mine all! fear not for me; I am a spirit of love, whom the gross poison of earth cannot touch: but let my voice, as thou sayest, express to thee my feelings; I will sing to thee, my beloved, I will sing that song which I poured into thy delighted ear in the palace of my fathers, and in our treacherously ruined home; listen, O my husband! and let my song animate thy soul and strengthen thy despair!" And she sang amid the deserts of that blasted world! I listened, but my delight was drowned in the intensity with which I strove to catch every sound that fell from her lips, lest any tremulous vibration, any indication of approaching weakness should escape my observation.

Suddenly a new and strange sound broke on the silence of the desolate valley! Hitherto, none had saluted our ears, save the sullen moanings of the poisoned stream; but this was of a different kind: it was a light clattering noise, such as is made by the sea when its gentlest waves retreat to their bed over a bank of pebbles. I paused to listen. "Are we not alone in this desert," said I, "whence then can this noise arise?" I looked carefully around. With horror I discovered that we were pursued by a huge snake, which was fast gaining on our steps. To escape this danger we at once resolved to risk another, by ridding ourselves of the hated masks. With what joy did I again behold the sweet face of my love! But my fears for her safety interrupted the momentary bliss; and I urged our speedy flight. Danger gave renewed strength to Zuleika's feeble limbs, and she sprang forward with a star-like swiftness.—Hastily the serpent followed; I saw his variegated hues glisten in the sun. He foamed, and erected his threatened head and ringed neck, as if indignant that beings so feeble should attempt to oppose his purpose; still he gained on us. Zuleika slackened her pace, trembled, drooped—the snake was close behind us. I caught her up in my arms, and again rushed forward some distance. It seemed as if this exertion of

energy had intimidated the snake, for he pursued us with less rapidity than before.—Zuleika, in these moments of peril, uttered no cry, no groan, but when the fleetness with which I ran, allowed me, from the distance I had gained, a moment's pause, her words were blissful and cheering. "See, my beloved," she exclaimed, "the mercy of Allah! he hath sent this snake not to destroy his trusting creatures, but as an assurance that the air is less deadly than we apprehended. Since this animal can live in the desert, let us receive the presence of the snake as an encouraging omen from Allah!"

Having gained the top of the hill, we looked abroad for the serpent; he was dragging his sinuous length in our path as swiftly as his ponderous bulk would permit:—suddenly he paused, reared his arched neck, and gazed earnestly towards us, as one resolving some terrible project which a moment's reflection was to realize. He then turned towards the melancholy stream, and, lowering his foaming jaws over the bank, drank long and deeply of its waters. Wearied in the pursuit, he sought to gather strength by his draught, to advance more rapidly on his retreating prey. Again he encroached on us, and again did I, with my beloved burthen, spring forward to descend the hill, and advance further into the valley. Still was the snake in pursuit, still he gained on us—near! nearer! till I heard anew the clattering of scales on the flints as he glided along over their rough surface. "O, Allah! O, Zuleika!" I exclaimed, and in the very despair of my fear, turned round to oppose my foe; he was arrested in his movements suddenly as if that agonized glance had had the power of turning him to stone. A long and horrible hiss, a sound which seemed the natural language of this desolate land, was followed by what I believed to be a convulsive expression of agony; he rolled himself on the earth; his eyes glared with an infernal magnificence, but the hues of his radiant robe grew momentarily more dusky; his foam covered the sand, and his tail lashed the flinty stones in impotent malignity, while his fiercely-erected head drooped lower and lower to the dust! I now began to understand the cause of this change: he had drunk of the empoisoned waters, and the black and sullen stream, though a deadly draught to him, had given life and hope to us. Suddenly he made one frantic effort; he gave a desperate bound, as at some imaginary prey, then sunk down in everlasting stillness, as torpid and colourless as the desert sand which received him.

Night came on—night which knows not darkness, descended softly on the world, and soon the wan moon, and the peaceful stars peeped out from amid the silent sky. When we had passed with much difficulty

and pain through the gloomy dell, we were again in the open country, and were induced to rest, while I contemplated the scene around me. All traces of vegetation had totally disappeared; the sullen stream flowed more silently, as well as more slowly, the brown sands had become black, and a dark livid hue had spread itself over the face of the mountains; the light breeze that had travelled before us, now seemed to have died away; not a shrub was to be seen, not a plant, not a blade of grass to comfort us with the assurance, "Children, ye yet walk on the bosom of your earth."

But had these been all the horrors of this region, we could still have borne up against them. I knew by the ravine which we had passed, and the signs I have described, that half our journey was accomplished, and that we were within three leagues of the terrible Tree. The sad indications of its vicinity at length grew more apparent, as we were compelled frequently to step out of our path, to avoid treading on the mouldering remnants of humanity, bones and parts of skeletons, with which it was strewed. I endeavoured to divert the eyes of Zuleika from these objects. Alas! they multiplied; I flew from one but to encounter others more hideous and fresher in their decay, for they appeared to cover the face of the land the nearer we approached the dreadful Tree. The stillness of this dreary region was such, that we were startled even by the sound of our own voices, which instinctively, at length fell into the lowest whispers. We felt as if they were a disturbance to the spirit of the place. The very air seemed as dead as the earth, which the gigantic mountains around her (appearing like the mighty walls of her everlasting monument) girdled in her quiet grave! The absence of the winged subjects of the brightest of the elements did not affect me so deeply, (for this I had been taught to expect,) as that no noxious insect, even though it had been to our annoyance, buzzed its idle way through the air.

The first rays of morning were beginning to shine faintly over the black and blasted mountains. I had hoped to have reached the Tree ere the day dawned, as night was fitter for our journeying than walking beneath the fervid rays of the sun; but I had overrated my powers, as well as those of the princess, who had been totally unused to every kind of exertion. We were now very near to the Tree, and my anxiety to conceal the lassitude I felt creeping over me, made me hurry forward without reflection or prudence.

We continued our desolate journey with all possible expedition; a sudden winding of the river brought us into the presence of the majestic Upas, and our hearts bowed themselves in wonder and in fear before that

awful throne of the royalty of death! Alone, black as the blackest night, shadowing even the livid mountain with a deeper hue, stood the earth-born death, the dispenser of almighty vengeance. I took the little casket from Zuleika, and requested her to remain stationary, while I gathered the gum from the Tree, deeming it unnecessary for her to hazard her person nearer. There was, I thought, an expression of agony in her face when I prepared to leave her, but I smiled, and pointed encouragingly towards the near accomplishment of our task, when suddenly I saw (for it could surely be no illusion) the dark and massy branches of the majestic Tree bend themselves with a slow and gentle motion towards us, as in welcome, and at the same moment a soft light current of air swept gently over my face. "God be merciful!" I said, in anguish, "God be merciful! forsake us not now in this most awful moment!" I was sensible of a slight change in the wind, and I knew all the danger attending it, but my prayer found not a passage through my closed lips, for I would not alarm Zuleika.

I stood alone beneath the awful Tree which the danger forbade me to contemplate, and had already filled one casket with the poisonous gum, which I held out triumphantly to the view of Zuleika! but alas! her approving smile met me not, for she was extended prostrate on the burning sands; I rushed towards her in uncontrollable agony, determining not to survive her. There was paleness on her lip and brow, and her hands were damp and cold. A slight convulsion passed over her features, yet she did not appear insensible. I sprinkled water on her forehead, and forced a little wine between her lips. Slowly she recovered her speech. "Oh, my beloved," said she, "linger not thus over one whom thou canst not save, but who may destroy thee. One of the caskets thou hast filled: return to thy country, and leave me, for I shall never go hence. The kiss of the Upas is on me, and I shall die in its terrible embrace. Oh! fly, my husband! fly, and preserve thyself." "Allah! Allah!" I cried aloud, for my despair was redoubled in proportion as my hope had been sanguine—"Allah, what have I done to suffer thus? What hath this innocent committed, that she should thus die the death of a felon?"

I bowed my head to the earth as I spoke, and in the earnestness of prayer raised up my fainting wife to heaven, expecting, hoping instant death, or instant preservation.—At this moment a mighty wind arose and tore the boughs of the terrible Tree, swaying its gigantic body away from its devoted victims, the dead stream spoke, rejoicing in the chill breeze which swept over its ravaging waters, the sand arose in whirlwinds, the

rattling thunder was re-echoed by the mountains, while the foul mists of the Tree were devoured by the swift lightning. The voice of Zuleika, after a short space, speaking faintly, recalled my attention—"Art thou still near me, Firouz?" she said; "methought the reeling of the earth had separated thee from me—Is it thunder I hear? Is that dreadful glare the lightning? Oh! Firouz! Oh! husband adored! the Prophet comes in his vengeance: pray that he rend us not asunder!" "He comes not, my beloved!" I cried in a voice of agony, "he comes not, for he cannot: fear not, look up, and know we shall yet be saved from destruction." I saw, and knew that our danger was passed, for to this fearful convulsion of the elements we owed our safety. Beneath the very shade of the now powerless Upas did we stand, for Zuleika would not permit me again to leave her and fill the second casket.

I will not be more minute in detailing the particulars of our journey; little further, in fact, occurred worthy of observation, and we resolved not to linger on our return.—The tempest had so well cooled the air, and invigorated my exhausted frame, that I proceeded with redoubled strength, and carried my beloved sleeping on my bosom. We at length gained the hill, the last enclosure of the fatal valley; and when we had ascended to its top, and surveyed the frightful region we had quitted, contrasted with the green grass and smiling fields of the world of living man, we burst into tears of gratitude and joy, and, kneeling, dedicated our prayers and our souls to him who we believed had preserved us in the wilderness, to Issa, the merciful and the mild. With a feeling I cannot describe, nor any, save beings suffering as we had suffered, imagine, we trod back our blissful path to the hut of the Malay priest. He scarcely believed what he saw; and the guards were so struck by what they considered a miracle wrought by the sanctity of the princess, that they bore us in their arms, shouting along the streets the mercy of Allah, till our progress assumed rather the form of a triumphal procession than the return of two criminals after sentence of death. Thus we reached the palace of Soura Charta, our train increasing momentarily, for the people had risen in astonishment at the tidings, and insisted on conducting us to the Sultan; they regarded it as a wondrous miracle in favour of our virtue, that the storm, which had left marks of desolation among them, had been the means of preservation to us, and they kissed our garments with reverence, as peculiar favourites of their Prophet.

The Sultan received us with a gloomy astonishment, that almost looked like fear. I saw that he dared not assail us further.—

We placed our dearly won casket at his feet, and heard his hesitating lips pronounce our pardon. "Ye have fulfilled your sentence, and are free," he exclaimed, "live henceforward in the home of your fathers."—"Sultan," I replied, "we have fulfilled the sentence of the law, but we have yet to receive its reward—we have two requests to prefer, which our sovereign is bound to concede; shall we ask and obtain?" "Ask," he replied gloomily, "I have no power to deny." "We will then no longer live in the land where our sufferings have been so severe; I ask, Lord of Java, permission to quit the island." "And I to follow Firouz," said Zuleika; "great Sultan, is our petition granted?" "Go," returned the monarch, "go, and let me behold you no more." We retired from his presence. "I trust him not Zuleika," I said; "nor will I breathe the air which his sceptred hand can reach; the desert, the savage, the wild beast, are welcome before erring man, gifted with boundless authority, now his fears are our protection: but hereafter—Let us fly, my beloved; Enganho shall receive us:—no man will seek us there. In the enchanted isle, the love of the ocean, which he hides in his jealous bosom from the prying wickedness of civilized man, we too shall be safe, thither we will go, fugitives we are, and oppressed, so haply the foam-girt bride of the sea will not raise her sons against us." And she did not; we sought refuge on the isle which our countrymen had thought it madness and death but to speak of; we conciliated its wild inhabitants, and the knowledge I took among them raised me to the rank of their chief. My palace in the heart of the island was erected by their grateful hands, where Zuleika, a royal Queen, a beloved wife, resides with her innocent babes.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

DON JUAN AND SOUTHEY.—When Lord Byron transmitted his first manuscript of Don Juan to England, it was found that it opened with a long dedication in twelve stanzas, to Bob Southey, in which the laureate was handled with no little severity. His lordship's correspondent recommended the omission of the dedication, on grounds which his lordship at first did not think tenable; but when he altered his mind as to putting his name to the poem, he wrote the following direction opposite to the lines to be erased: "As the poem is to be published anonymously, omit the dedication; I won't attack the dog in the dark: such things are for scoundrels and renegadoes like himself."

A certain Barrister and M. P. whose disproportionate advancement is much more attributable to companionable than professional talents, was some years ago requested, in a mixed circle of rank and fashion, to sing Dibdin's *Soldier's Farewell*. With this request he complied; and on pronouncing the line—

"And when to heaven thy fervent orisons are flown,"

was thus, in a friendly manner, corrected by an illustrious Duke, (Clarence)—"I beg your pardon, Mr. —; but, *we sailors* call that word *horison*!"

A HOME STROKE.—The late Dr. Busby, when Chaplain to the forces quartered at Dover, was one afternoon delivering a discourse from the eighth Commandment, in which he animadverted on the sad consequences of stealing. "It is," said he, "such an ungentlemanly, beggarly thing for a soldier to steal. Not, *my beloved brethren*, that I would tax any of *you* with the commission of so foul a sin. No, God forbid! though I have lost a pair of boots, and several other things since this regiment was station on the Heights!"

Anne of Austria, mother to Louis XIV. was one of the finest women of her time; the greatest of her personal beauties, however, was her hands. The Duke of Mantua, who frequented her court, made many extravagant verses in their praise, which gave rise to the following epigram by Scarron;

"At the end of her sleeves she had
A pair of hands so white,
It sure would have made my heart glad,
Had they box'd me from morning till night."

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

THE MODERN GREEKS.

No. I.

THE character of the ancient Greeks is well known, and the history of recent periods proves that it has not degenerated in their descendants. Valour and enterprise, sacrifices for the welfare of their common country, a lively feeling for whatever is beautiful either in nature or art, and an almost enthusiastic passion for poetry and the sciences: but, on the other hand, a restless spirit of innovation, an inconsistency that mingles together trifles and important affairs, reciprocal jealousies and feuds between the minor states, even at the moment that the Persian power threatened to swallow up all

Greece: these are the principal traits of that remarkable people, which have hitherto seemed almost obliterated among their posterity, but which are again become too apparent not to be recognised.

It is not easy to conceive two more contradictory pictures of the same people than the following, which two English travellers give of the Arcadians. According to the one, every thing displays the tranquillity and ease of a pastoral life. Attired in a picturesque costume, with a variegated turban, a linen jacket, and snow-white vest, and with a crook in his hand, the native of this happy territory attends his numerous flocks of sheep and goats; or, stretched under the shadow of some venerable tree, plays on his pipe some of the wild and simple melodies of his country. According to the narrative of another traveller, the modern Arcadian exhibits a countenance furrowed by anxiety and sorrow, and a body emaciated by excessive labour and want of sufficient nourishment. This wretched race is continually oppressed by the multitude of needy and rapacious Turks, who swarm, like vermin, wherever a pacha resides; and who appear to have no other employment than to support the indolence of their masters. In comparing these two accounts, the apparent enigma is solved: the first of these travellers describes the Arcadian as he may be found in the mountainous districts, at a distance from any of the towns, and engaged in pastoral occupations; the other speaks of those less fortunate natives, whom either their ill fate or their indiscretion have brought into contact with their oppressors, and placed within reach of the rod.

Although not extensive, Greece can exhibit almost every variety of climate and of natural production; so can she also show almost every specimen of the human race, in all its degrees of civilization. The inhabitants of some of the Greek islands support themselves almost entirely by fishing: the Mainote leads the life of a hunter, and sometimes that of the bandit; on the plain of Thessaly, the wandering Nomade and the husbandman reside amicably together; the inhabitants of most of the towns are engaged in some species of manufacture; others exhibit a certain show of commerce and opulence; the monks of Mount Athos remind us of the cenobites and anchorets of Thebais; while in Chios, Patmos, Cephalonia, &c. literati are engaged in studying the language and the wisdom of their ancestors.

Among the inhabitants of Epirus, the *Wlaki*, or Wallachians, are distinguished from the other Albanians by their strength, their activity, their temperate habits, and their peaceable disposition. They live nearly after the manner of the better sort of gipsies:

during summer, they occupy, with their flocks, the mountains of Pindus, and, in the winter, reside on the plains of Thessaly, in tents. When this Nomadic race commence their wanderings, they collect themselves, like birds of passage, in immense numbers. A troop frequently extends half a mile in length, and has in it a thousand horses, which transport their tents, their property and the smallest children; while the men, the females, and the elder children proceed on foot, two Greek priests closing this long train. The Albanians are a wilder race; they are attached only to war, and during times of peace subsist in a predatory manner.

The Mainotes, who were formerly as wild as the Albanians, have become more civilized by the extension of trade and commerce. Travellers who have recently visited this part of Greece, have been entertained by the Mainotes with an hospitality equalling that of the Arabians. Every chief has welcomed the traveller in a friendly manner, has set before him whatever his house afforded, and afterwards accompanied him on his journey, until he was out of danger, proceeding with him as far as the residence of the next chief. Each of these chiefs occupies a square strongly fortified tower: at home, he is the judge of his vassals, and their leader in the field. The condition and habits of this people bear a great resemblance to the clans of the Highlands of Scotland. Every Mainote clan, and every Highland laird, is independent of the rest, and attacks his neighbour whenever he conceives himself injured by him. The most powerful among the chiefs has the title of Bey, negotiates with the Turks, and settles the tribute which they agree to pay the latter. The Mainote is constantly armed with his gun: even the females are expert in the use of arms, and accompany their husbands to battle; for which reason they enjoy their respect and confidence, and participate with them in the education of their children, and in their agricultural and domestic employments. In every village is an open place, where the youth of both sexes practise firing at a mark, and in gymnastic exercises, which are succeeded by dancing. Thus the visitor conceives himself transported at once to ancient Sparta; and thus, too, we perceive how little the Greeks have altered or degenerated, when left to themselves. The soil is stony and barren, but by the industry of the Mainotes has lately been so much improved, that they have begun to form into artificial terraces the earth that has been washed down from the summits of the hills and rocks, and to plant them with corn, with olive and mulberry trees. On the lesser hills they keep stocks of bees, which produce honey hardly inferior to that of Mount Hymettus.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DRAMA.

No. II.

IN comedy, the train of excellence has been numerous; and at its head ought to be placed Mrs. Clive. This lady, in her meridian days, filled, and adorned a variety of comic parts; the woman of good sense, of real fine breeding; the humorous, the fantastic, the affected, the rude, the awkward, the ridiculous; every character was play, every character was nature in her hands. To smile, to laugh with her, or at her, was equally delightful; for in all she amused, in all she charmed. Miss Pope followed her waning moon, with her bright and pointed crescent; gay, lively, debonair, Euphrosyne danced in her step, and frolicked in every dimple. In her setting hour, too, I have beheld her; and the brightness of her private character kept pace with that of her public. Both sunk into the grave together, leaving a cherished memorial behind. Mrs. Jordan came next in the same career; she, indeed, was the sweetest child of nature; for pathos dwelt with her mirth; and the smile and the tear alternately obeyed the commands of her own. She, too, is gone; and a foreign grave has closed over her. But an Englishman gave her a tomb; and her country a monument—in the memories of all who feel gratitude for the exertions of departed genius. If I may speak of present contemporary talent, before I return again to the reminiscences of my old friends, I would say, that these three bright stars have been—Miss Kelly now is: there is more enchantment in the comic witchery of her smile, than lies in the whole range of your regularly composed beauties; and when she turns to any course of tender feeling—see her in the “Miller and his Men,” or “The Maid and the Magpie,” the stricken heart must needs hang on her tones, as if sorrow really spoke, and lose itself at once in the believed verity of the scene.

Mrs. Woffington, when I beheld her, was deep in her wane; the brilliant crescent of her declining glory was setting fast; but still it was brilliant, and the smile on her “paleing lips,” was “sweet and mournful to the soul.” She did ample justice to that most difficult female character in *Love for Love*, supporting it with force and elegance. Even at that time of her life, her person remained highly interesting. She was tall, with much symmetry of proportion, rather of the slender than *en-bon-point*. Her air, it might have been said, was modelled, and

accomplished by the graces. Her expression, distinct and appropriate; but her voice was rather too shrill to be pleasant to the ear, till use had made it familiar; and then, because it made part of Mrs. Woffington, even a defect became a favourite peculiarity.

Barry's person was singularly dignified and graceful, both with regard to height and demeanor; while to a harmonious and finely modulated voice, to a handsome, and expressive countenance, he joined all the spirit and fire of genius, and all the attention and accuracy of art. Garrick himself was not greater in Hamlet, or in Lear than Barry was in Othello. At the time I saw him in that character, Miss Nossitor played Desdemona. She was not naturally a very eminent actress, but she was beautiful, and then the object of Barry's fervent adoration. She was not cruel to his sighs; and the very shining talents of her real lover, while personating the passions of an enamoured and jealous husband, maddened to desperation, gave her something more than a reflected lustre. Ryan, the old companion of the famous Quin, played Iago; but time had weakened his once powerful voice, to a more distant echo of what it was; and that circumstance enfeebled the whole part. In the same spring, I went with Lord Lyttleton to see Barry perform Lear. It had merit, but ah, how inferior to Garrick! My noble companion burst forth to me, as soon as we got seated together in the carriage; for his lordship had risen the moment the green curtain dropt. “No, it won't do!” cried he; “of the passion of jealousy, and of the most affecting powers to express its distress, its agonies, Barry is perfect master; but to draw forth, or create in his own bosom, all the passions, all the diverse affections of Lear; his rage, his grief, his madness, his incomparable phrenzied melancholy, its recollections, and reflections, sometimes wild and disjointed, at others, gradually gliding and blending into each other, by the inimitable skill of the poet; to adopt all this variety, interchange, and collision of passions and situation, Barry is incapable. He has not a sufficiently expanded sensibility, nor a sufficiently comprehensive judgment and power. So extraordinary, and highly wrought a character; a character of such pathetic force, and subtle gradations of feeling; such a character, Shakspeare only could write—Garrick only can exemplify!”

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CONVERSATIONES AT DR. MITCHILL'S

Culture of the Vine.

THE circular epistle of John F. Dufour, living at Vevay in Indiana, was read, stating

his desire to collect all possible information on the culture of the Vine within the United States, with the view of disseminating the same. There is a number of pertinent queries to which he solicits answers, concerning cultivated and wild vines, imported and indigenous; with the quality and value of the grapes they bear. He wishes to know how far experiments have been made, and their result; the condition of the soil and climate; and the reasons why in the several districts of the country more attention has not been paid to the subject.

It was agreeable to receive such intelligence from that quarter. Instantly, the statute of Congress passed May 1, 1802, was brought to mind, empowering John James Dufour and his associates to purchase lands on easy and accomodating terms, for the express purpose of encouraging, by such patronage, the introduction and culture of the Vine, within the (then) territory of the United States, situated northwest of the river Ohio. For furthering this object they were authorized to purchase four sections of land, situated between the Great Miami river and the Indian boundary line, at the rate of two dollars per acre, payable without interest, on or before the first day of January 1814. And other facilities were allowed the sellers.

On recurring to history, it was represented on the authority of Belknap and Holmes, that this article of agricultural produce occupied early attention in Virginia. For as long ago as 1610, under the administration of Lord Delaware, the planting of the Vine was publicly commanded, and the Frenchmen who had been imported for the purpose, ordered to superintend the business.

The labours of the Society in Philadelphia, twenty years or more ago, for the express purpose of rearing the Vine, were remembered. Much hope was excited by the prospectus of William Lee, Esq. for a publication on the management of this interesting plant. From the great opportunities enjoyed by this gentleman during his residence at Bordeaux to become acquainted with the vineyards and vintages in Gascony and along the river Garonne, as well as in other parts, it was anticipated that much benefit would arrive from the information he should lay before his fellow-citizens, in his work entitled the *Vineyard, or the Art of cultivating the Vine and of making Wine*; containing

the history of the plant from the remotest times, the natural history of the more prominent and useful sorts; the localities of the best kinds cultivated in Europe; the choice of plants, their diseases, garden culture, preservation of the fruit; season of gathering; minute description of the vineyards of Bordeaux and Champagne; manner of expressing the juice, fermentation, analysis, &c. and most approved modes of preparing vinegar, or the acetic acid. No doubt was entertained that the climate of the middle States, at least, on both sides of the great ridges of mountains, was favourable to the propagation of the grape-vine. And, before the imported varieties, the native species, such as the *Vitis labrusca* or fox-grape; the *V. estivalis* or summer grape; *V. cordifolia* or winter grape *V. riparia* or odoriferous vine; *V. rotundifolia* or bullet grape. &c. afforded signal opportunities for improvement.

A visitor quoted the excellent and appropriate discourse of David Hosack, M. D. &c. to the horticultural society at their anniversary meeting on the 31st August 1824, wherein (p. 27) he observes that "the cultivation of the Vine, in a peculiar manner merits the notice of this society," and offers his reasons for it on the following page of the printed discourse. And another agronomist recited from recollection Dr. Mitchill's remark in the appendix to the said excellent work that he was "satisfied from long and extensive observation that our country south of Lat. 41° or perhaps a little more, will sustain the grape-vine" &c. (ibid. p. 41, 42).

LITERATURE.

Hadad, a Dramatic Poem. By James A. Hillhouse, author of "Percy's Masque and Judgment." 8vo. pp. 208. Bliss and White, New-York. 1825.

THE modern lovers of poetry, we verily believe, take but little interest in the history and character of the Jews, and their crooked names; and therefore, we think, the author of the work before us, has been unfortunate in the choice of his scenery and dramatic personæ, notwithstanding he has introduced among the latter, one of the enamoured angels of old. Mr. Hillhouse should also have borne in mind, that while his subject, of itself, possesses little attraction, it has been very lately treated of, and exhausted by Byron, Moore, and Croly; so

that he labours under the treble disadvantage of an indifferent theme for his muse, want of novelty, and a comparison with the writers before mentioned, certainly formidable competitors for most dealers in poetry.

But making proper allowances for the error of the design, and its detriment to other parts of the work, we think the poem worthy of high commendation, as indicating considerable poetic genius, and particularly as affording a specimen of elegant poetic composition. It is, to be sure, sometimes tedious, as we must expect a poem of the kind to be; but the versification is uniformly correct, the language choice, and the strain of the composition vigorous and appropriate, with occasional exceptions.

The story is quickly told. Hadad, a Syrian hostage at the court of king David, entertains an ardent passion for Tamar, the daughter of Absalom, and aspires to the possession of her hand. His views are countenanced by the father, but are opposed first by the ministers of the king, and afterwards by the king himself, because he is an unbeliever, and even Tamar, though she fully reciprocates his passion, and pledges him her faith, fears to unite with him, unless he forsakes the false gods whom he worships. The difficulty which his affection encounters, excites, of course, his resentment; and when the king anoints as his successor his youngest son, Solomon, to the prejudice of Absalom, his first born child, Hadad, with a view to overcome the obstacles which keep him from the possession of Tamar, stirs up the prince to rebellion. The poem details the particulars of the revolt, and the defeat and death of Absalom; after which, Hadad, who with Tamar, awaits the event of the engagement between father and son in a neighbouring wood, retreats to a distance from the field of conflict. He then entreats Tamar, who as yet is ignorant of her father's death, to unite her fortunes with his, and to

"Fly with him beyond that wretched scene
Of civil strife and never ending discord,
To realms of quietness where they might dwell
In lasting peace."

She wishes to return to her father, but Hadad informs her that her unhappy parent "sleeps with the valiant of the years of old." Still, infidel as he is, she will not consent to become his bride, and asks to be

taken to her grandsire, king David; Hadad in return reminds her that her father will be branded "rebel," and she herself be regarded as "a traitor's offspring," and inquires "canst thou bear that, lady?" She persists in her determination, and resents his importunity, when he retorts with stern pride, that she knows him not, that he is not what he seems, that though he wear the form of Hadad, he is

———"from the Heaven of Heavens,
The peer of angels,"

and makes his angelic powers manifest. He informs her that he saw her by accident and became enamoured, and that assuming the form of the Syrian Hadad, he had left his high sphere to hover near her presence. On this disclosure of his character, however, she revolts from his tenderness, and bids him begone, when finding that he cannot overcome her repugnance by entreaty, he carries her by force into a cave hard by, in order to shake her spirit by his terrors. Her cries draw near some officers of the king's army who enter the cavern, when the spirit of Hadad flies past them on the air, leaving his body, a loathsome carcass, behind it. They carry forth the affrighted Tamar and restore her to the king.

The character of both Hadad and Absalom are well sustained, and engage the interest of the reader; the one by his surpassing beauty, eloquence and intelligence, and the other by his noble bearing, and his lamentable death. It is a fine and no more than a just testimony that the former pays to the prince, when, receiving intelligence of his murder by the villain Joab, he exclaims:

"Let Hades rise to meet him reverently,
For not a kingly shadow there sustained
A prouder spirit."

There is, however, at times, a wandering from the natural course of the fable and its incidents, and among other instances which we noticed, was the following. In the interview where Hadad and Tamar are first introduced to us, instead of putting strains of love in the mouth of Hadad, and blushes on the cheek, and breathings of returning fondness on the lips of Tamar, so as to give to the scene the tenor and warmth of a meeting between a beautiful pair who are destined for the altar, the author sets them at a discussion of theology, and, what is more surprising, allows to the heathen the best of the

argument. We admit that the debate is carried on with some cogency, and that it does not fall short of the studied beauty of the poetry throughout the book; but we think Mr. Hillhouse will agree with us in opinion, that a solemn debate of the kind is not altogether consistent with the fervor of a lover.

It is now perhaps time to present the reader some specimens of the poetry, which, from the little space we have left, must of necessity, be limited. While Absalom is sleeping in his tent, previous to the battle between himself and his father, which is fast approaching, he is visited by a dream, which he thus relates to his friend Hadad. The sepulchre he speaks of, is that of David, which in a former part of the poem, he, with Hadad and others, had visited.

Ab. Methought I stood again, at dead of night,
In that rich sepulchre, viewing alone,
The wonders of the place. My wandering eyes,
Resting upon the costly sarcophagus
Reared in the midst, I saw therein a form
Like David; not as he appears, but young
And ruddy. In his lovely tintured cheek
The vermil blood looked pure and fresh as life
In gentle slumber. On his blooming brow
Was bound the diadem. But, while I gazed,
The phantasm vanished, and my father lay there
As he is now, his head and beard in silver,
Sealed with the pale fixed impress of the tomb.
I knelt and wept. But when I thought to kiss
My tears from off his reverend cheek, a voice
Cried, Impious! hold!—and suddenly there stood
A dreadful and refulgent form before me,
Bearing the tables of the law

Hadad sarcastically exclaims, "Rare phantoms!" Absalom proceeds to recount the particulars, and concludes by telling that when, in a terrible den where he had been cast, a crown of molten brass was placed upon his head, the pang awoke him. Hadad remarks,

" 'Twas time indeed, but this is empty nothing,
And should not shake a constant mind."

The reply of Absalom, who throughout errs, rather than sins, is, we think, uncommonly fine and touching. It speaks in a language that forces itself directly to the heart.

Ab. Not shake
From its determined purpose, but may move
Affection, memory, with images [thinks,
Of things loved, mourned, or feared. That heart, me-
Were of strange mould which kept no cherished print
Of earlier, happier times, when life was fresh,
And love and innocence made holyday
Within the bosom, destined soon to know
The jar of sterner inmates; or that owned
No transient sadness, when a dream, or glimpse
Of fancy touched past joys.

Had. I held your soul
Fixed with a gaze too steadfast on the sun
Of glory, e'er to cast such looks behind.

Ab. And Hadad, I had thought it strange in thee,
But that thou never knew'st a parent's love,
To hold so lightly what has cost me more
To quell than all I can confront in arms.
Were I unmoved by such exhaustless bounty,
Heaped, loaded on me since my earliest thought
Till traitors poisoned him, I were a fiend.

These passages shew that Mr. Hillhouse wields a bold yet disciplined pen; and in the following extract, with which we must conclude, he presents us a sylvan picture at twilight, equally vivid and beautiful.

Tam. But why dismount here?—night approaches,
Hadad:

See, the slant sunbeams gild but the tall tree tops,
And evening sables all below. The wood
Grows drear and dismal; let's escape from it.

Had. But we must wait the guard—Come, sit with me
Beside this mossy fountain: All is still here—
List the sweet birds nestling among the boughs,
All else soft silence: tumult comes not here.
Sit by this crystal spring awhile.

The reader will, we think, fully coincide with us in opinion, that Mr. Hillhouse, though he has erred in his plan, possesses very considerable genius, and will hold a distinguished rank among the poets of our language, and particularly of our nation. But few such works are requisite to raise very high the credit of our literature, already in a rapid advance to excellence and celebrity. We cannot, however, conclude without pointing out a few verbal errors, which, though trifling, detract from the merit of the poem, as an entire performance. On the 46th page the expression "mitred heads," and on the 56th, the allusion to the ermine, are palpable anachronisms; the mitre belonging only to the *Christian* priesthood, and the ermine being a creature wholly unknown in Judea, or, at any rate, unknown as a conventional symbol of purity. On page 141, the phrase "a murrain take your canticles," is objectionable, as being not only a miserable phrase in itself, but inappropriate, because peculiar to the English idiom.

THE GRACES.

THE VALLEY OF LADIES.

"Poichè noi fummo qui, ò io desiderato di menarvi in parte assai vicina di questo luogo, dove io non credo che voi alcuna fosse di voi; e chiamavisi la Valle delle Donne."

DECAMERON.

The Valley of Ladies is a spot celebrated in the sixth and seven books of the De-

cameron. It lies at the foot of one of the Fiescolan hills, about two miles from Florence, commencing at the path leading up to Maiano, and terminating under the Convent of the Doccia. Doccia signifies a water-spout, the name with which the convent was christened by a little stream, the Affrico, which leaps out beneath it and waters the valley. The stream, and another called the Mensola, which runs through a neighbouring valley, are the metamorphosed hero and heroine of a poem of Boccaccio's, called the *Nimphale of Fiesole*. Upon the Mensola, about half a mile from the Valley of Ladies, is the Villa Gherardi, in which Boccaccio laid the scene of his first four days: and on the Mugnone, about a mile on the other side of the valley, is the Villa Palmieri, to which his company retired, for the remainder of their time, on account of the influence of neighbours. Not far from the villa, a house is shown which is said to have belonged to Dante. Milton and Galileo give a glory to Fiesole beyond even its starry antiquity: nor perhaps is there a name eminent in the best annals of Florence, to which some connexions cannot be traced with this favoured spot. When it was full of wood, it must have been eminently beautiful. It is at present indeed full of vines and olives, but this is not wood *woody*; not arboraces, and properly sylvan. A few poplars and forest trees mark out the course of the Affrico; and the convent ground contrived to retain a good slice of evergreens, which make a handsome contrast on the hill side with its white cloister. But agriculture, quarries, and wood fires have destroyed the rest. Nevertheless, I now found the whole valley beautiful. It is sprinkled with white cottages; the corn-fields presented agreeable paths, leading among vines and fig-trees; and I discovered even a meadow; a positive English meadow, with the hay cut, and adorned with English trees. In a grassy lane, betwixt the corn, sat a fair rustic receiving the homage of three young fellows of her acquaintance.

In the time of Boccaccio, the Affrico formed a little crystal lake, in which (the said lake behaving itself, and being properly sequestered) the ladies of his company, one day, bathe themselves. The gentlemen, being informed of it, follow their example in the afternoon; and the next day, the whole party dine there, take their *siesta* under the trees, and recount their novels. This lake has now disappeared before the husband man, as if it were a fairything, of which a money getting age was unworthy. Part of the Affrico is also closed up from the passenger by private grounds; but the rest of it runs as clearly as it did; and under the convent, a remnant of the woodier part of the valley, a delicious remnant is

still existing. The stream jumps into it, as if with delight, and goes slipping down little banks. It is embowered with olives, and young chestnut trees, and looks up to the long white cloister, which is a conspicuous object over the country.

This then is the "*Valle delle Donne*." If Boccaccio's spirit ever visits his native country, here must it repose. It is a place for a knight in romance to take his rest in, his head on his elbow, and the sound of the water on his ear. Why do I say, "if Boccaccio's spirit ever visits?" I have seen him there, such as he looked when he meditated the story of the Falcon. The knight in romance also; I have seen *him*. He was in dark armour, with a red cross on his shield. He had taken his helmet and gauntlet off, to feel the air; and lay like Lord Herbert of Cherbury in the picture, thinking placidly of achievement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rules for the Behaviour of Young People.

Always wipe your mouth with the tablecloth, for that must be soiled at all events, and will save your host's napkins, or your own pocket-handkerchief.

Always observe the Abyssinian custom—never to speak, nor to drink, unless your mouth be quite full.

Champ whatever you eat, making as much noise as possible, which will show you relish, and are pleased with what you are eating.

Should any thing at dinner stick in your teeth, do not allow yourself to suffer from it for a moment; but use a *pin*, or if you have not such a thing about you, a *fork* will be a good succedaneum.

Always begin to speak before another has finished what he or she has to say, as it will serve to show the quickness of your perception, in being able to understand a thing before it is uttered, and give the company a great opinion of your good breeding.

Be sure, on leaving a room, to turn your back on the company; and if the door be open when you go out, be sure to leave it open, particularly if the weather be cold.

Should you have occasion to use your handkerchief in company, do not mince the matter as the fastidious are wont to do, by slightly compressing the nose; but boldly and decidedly blow it, (particularly at meal time), until relieved from the inconvenience, and the more louder and more violent the different propulsions of sound are, the more genteel, easy, and agreeable you will be considered.

When in company, should you ever be at a loss what to do with your hands and feet (as is often the case with young people), you can occasionally put one foot over the other; sit cross-legged; pick your ears with the head of a pin; run your fingers through your hair; pare your nails with a penknife; remove superfluous hairs with your nails; blow your nose and look at your handkerchief; beat a tattoo on the table; bite your nails; gape now and then; stretch yourself to open your chest; loll back and tilt your chair; cut a notch or two in the arm of it with your penknife (which should be in your hand ready for use); scratch your head, or any other part that may happen to itch, and in so doing you will convince the company that you have been well brought up, and are perfectly free from vulgar habits.

At a tavern or coffee-house it is an admirable device to make a general monopoly of all the newspapers in the room, holding two together, sitting on others, and placing your elbows on the remainder. Peeping over a person's shoulder while he is writing or perusing letters or papers: this shows great knowledge of politeness, and ought particularly to be encouraged, if you wish to rise in the world.

If you have a remarkable pale face, make it still paler by wearing a prodigious quantity of hair-powder till you resemble the effigy of a white lion at a village-alehouse, or a loaf of double-refined sugar. If invited to dine with a friend, go in linen as black as a printer's devil—it shows a noble independence; and that you go more to satisfy yourself than any other person.

The employment of fashionable and cant phrases gives a grace to conversation, such as, that sort of thing, that's your sort, there she goes, keep moving, what's to pay, I owe you one, push on, that's the dandy, and this is the barber, &c.

If you wish to appear of consequence in society, boast of your wealth, birth, education, &c. and as much as possible magnify, particularly the amiableness of your wife, the sensibility of your children, and the astonishing achievements of your ancestors.

Interlard your conversation with well chosen oaths and fashionable swearing. This, when properly managed, displays your ingenuity. It is an excellent substitute for genius, wit, and talents. Besides, your word is more regarded when your conversation is on oath. If you swear before the great proficient in the art, vary your mode as much as possible.—Think of something new, and wisely recollect, with *Acres* in Sheridan's Comedy, that "*davins* have had their day."

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 2. Vol. III. of *New Series* of the *MISNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Disobedience*; by Mrs. Opie.

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Modern Greeks*. No. II.

THE DRAMA.—*Dramatic Recollections*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Jean Daniel Chevally*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchill's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals*.

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Eminent Authors*.

THE GRACES.—*Leisure Hours*. No. III.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Cloaks and Great-coats*.

POETRY.—Original; and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

General Bernard, and other officers, are now on a tour of reconnoissance through the Southern States, with the view of ascertaining the most eligible rout for the contemplated national road from the seat of government to New-Orleans.

Cannal Coal has been discovered on the Savannah river above Augusta; also some very fine ochres and clays.

Gold has become so plenty since the discovery of the mines in North Carolina, that it is sent in bulk, without being coined, in payment of goods received from this city.

The bills for the improvement of the navigation of the Oswego river, and authorising the construction of the Cayuga and Seneca Canal, have passed the legislature.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives has sanctioned the Delaware and Raritan Canal bill.

The completion of the new theatre at Albany is announced, and that the arrival of the manager and the company is all that is necessary to open it.

MARRIED,

Mr. B. M. Cartin to Miss Maria Smith.

DIED,

Mr. Benjamin Young, aged 35 years.

Cornelia Rutgers, aged 49 years.

Mrs. S. Marshall, aged 73 years.

Mrs. Mary Morrison, aged 49 years.

M. De La Montonye, aged 70 years.

John Taintor, Esq. aged 65 years.

Mrs. M. Fenton, aged 50 years.

Mrs. Ann Littleboy, aged 85 years.

Mrs. Mary Clarke.

Carharine Sirroch, aged 53 years.

Louisa Porter, aged 24 years.

Sarah W. Shaw,

Michael Scully, aged 21 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO EMMA.

On her asking what I most loved.

I LOVE the evening's pleasant breeze,
When flowery May entwines its bowers;
Beneath the weeping willow trees,
To pass away some social hours,
With thee, my Emma.

I love the social fire-side,
In chill December's blust'ring hours;
When furies on the whirlwinds ride,
To laugh to scorn their freezing powers,
With thee, my Emma.

I love the lonely evening's walk,
When April decks the fields with flowers;
And cheerfully to laugh and talk,
Among life's solitary hours,
With thee, my Emma,

I love to see thy cheerful smile
Beam on this kneeling form of mine;
The blushing glow of love the while,
Painting those dimpled cheeks of thine
For me, my Emma.

Baltimore.

PYTHIAS.

For the Minerva.

Written under severe distress of mind.

Oh! if there were no world but this,
No future frown to brave,
Who would not take a parting kiss,
And leap into the grave?
Who would not rather step into
Nonentity, than bear,
This world's proud scoffs, its griefs and wo,
Its poverty and care?

Baltimore.

PYTHIAS.

TEARS.

There is a tear which often flows,
Not from the heart's recess;
It tells the tale of baby woes,
Of infantile distress.

How like an April morning's shower,
This tear in childhood's eye;
Which glistens o'er each shrub and flower,
Till sun-beams pass it by.

There is a tear, which, while it flows,
Looks bright in beauty's eye;
'Tis that which weeps o'er other's woes,
'Tis thine, sweet Sympathy.

How like is this to summer dew,
Refreshing all that grows;
Which appears loveliest to view,
When sparkling on the rose.

There is a tear which sadly flows,
A gem more formed to last;
Which tells us still of youthful woes,
But of a deeper cast.

It is the tear which lovers shed,
When Hope's bright beams are flown,
When Love's first blossom here is dead,
And blooms in heaven alone.

We shed a tear more painful still,
A drop more deeply wrung;
When pale disease that form shall kill,
To which we fondly clung.

When after years of social love,
Or friendship's sacred flame;
The much-lov'd spirit soars above,
And leaves us still the same.

And is there yet a wilder tear?
A pang more keen than this?
Oh! yes, 'tis wrung from pallid fear,
It flows from guilt's abyss.

'Tis like the heavy drops of heat,
Which fall midst lightning's glare!
Refreshing not the flowers they meet,
It is thy tear, Despair.

STANZAS.

"And art thou gone! Ah! life never was made
For one like thee!"

I turn'd into the olive grove
Where first I said my vow of love;
The leaves were fresh, the flowers were fair,
As in our first sweet wand'ring there.
And as I look'd on the blue sky,
And saw the gem-clear stream pass by,
How did I wish that, like these, fate
Had formed the heart inanimate.
And all around was breath and bloom,
And colour'd lamps of rich perfume,
Flowers mixt with the green leaves, and made
A varied light amid the shade.
It seem'd like wrong that they could be
So fair, and yet not fair for thee!
I thought upon thy tenderness,
No chance could change, no wrong make less,
When madden'd brain, and tortur'd mind,
Made even me almost unkind
To one, for whom I would have given
A death-bed certainty of Heaven!
I thought on the sweet smile, which stole
Amid the tempest of my soul,
And, like the moonlight on the tide,
Smooth'd what was rough to all beside.
And then I thought how, day by day,
I mark'd some fresh sign of decay,
Upon the cheek, upon the brow,
Which only thou wouldst not allow;
The temple, where the veins shone through,
The clearness of the eyes' deep blue,
Like stars, whose brightest rays have met.
For one last blaze before they set;

And, when I wept this worst of ill,
To find a ruin deeper still—
To leave thee, or to see thee die,
In the last wants of poverty.
We parted, dear one ; thou wast left,
Of him thou hadst so lov'd bereft,
To coldness, misery, and pain,
All the worn heart endures in vain,
And yet too gentle to complain ;
Left, mid the cold and proud—behind—
Friends even more than fate unkind ;
And then, thy solitude of death,
No lip to catch thy parting breath,
No clasp, fond as that it would press
Life to stay for love's last caress ;
And then, the years of toil and care
Thy gentleness had had to bear ;
All, all the faithlessness and wrong
That have pursu'd my path so long ;
Desolate, as I feel alone,
How can I weep that thou art gone ?

From Giudiccioni's Sonnet to the City of Rome.

" Degna nutrice di le chiare genti."

Nurse of the mighty ! who in ancient time
Filled thee with glory, and the world with
fears—
Once of the favouring gods the home sublime !
Now the abode of unavailing tears.
How can I see thee of thy honours rest,
And hear thy sighs, nor feel my heart o'erflow ?
Can I behold thee dark and joyless left,
And not partake my bleeding country's wo ?
Majestic in thy fall !—though fall'n so low !—
My bosom thrills at thy still hallowed name !
E'en at thy ruins I adoring bow—
Ah ! had I then beheld thee in thy fame—
When as a queen, thy flowing locks around
The laurels of a conquered world were bound !

Case not reported in the term reports.

A woman having settlement,
Married a man with none :
The question was, *he being dead,*
If that *she had was gone* ?

Quoth Sir John Pratt, "her settlement
Suspended did remain,
Living the husband ; but him dead,
It doth revive again."

Chorus of Puisne Judges.

" Living the husband ; but him dead,
It doth revive again."

MIDNIGHT.

The moon is high,
But she doth seem
In Sorrow's robe enshrouded ;—
No echo thrills the cold dull sky,
The slumbering wave is clouded,
But yet so still 'twere hard to deem
The Tempest e'er had ploughed it !

The winds are hushed—
And not a breath
Disturbs the peace serene ;

The dews, that by my feet are brushed,
Are heard as well as seen ;
'Tis like the silent calm of death—
The last sad closing scene !

It is an hour
That mocks at joy,
And fills the heart with sadness ;
The gloominess around hath power
To banish aught of gladness—
The good with holier dreams employ—
The guilty drive to madness.

EPIGRAM.

From "*Le Ramelet Mouudi*," by Godelin, a poet who wrote in the dialect of Thoulouse, early in the 17th century

The gay, who would be counted wise,
Think all delight in pastime lies ;
Nor heed they what the wise condemn,
Whilst they pass time—Time passes them.

ENIGMAS.

" And justly the wise man thus preached to us all
Despise not the value of things that are small "

Answer to PUZZLE in our last.

An Unit.

SOLUTION OF ANAGRAMS.

I.—Masquerade.

II.—Mourning.

NEW PUZZLE.

Ladies, an humble servant see,
To whom you often bend the knee ;
But should I now attempt in verse,
My various merits to rehearse,
As, how I'm formed, and what contain,
'Twould be too much for my weak brain.
Suffice it then if I declare,
That much you trust unto my care ;
Nor was I ever thought unjust,
Or e'er betray'd this precious trust :
For though I in your chambers dwell,
What passes there I never tell.
By merchants too, my name is us'd,
Though often then I'm much abus'd.
And why ? because a distant friend
Will not accept of what I send :
Should I admit of any doubt,
A further hint I now throw out :
Reverse my name, and there remains,
A just reward for all your pains.

ANAGRAMS.

I.—Tis ye govern.

II.—Out a sly rogue.

III.—The Bar.

EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,

And published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription can be received for less than a year, and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the publishers.

J. SEYMOUR, printer, 49 John-street.